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FOX FAMILY NEWS

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FOX FAMILY NEWS.

Howard Fox, 616 Madison Ave Editor.

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Vol IV. 648965 JANUARY 1, 1915 648965 No. 1

The Philosophy of Norman Fox

as shown in a letter to his nephew
Sheridan Fox

The following remarkable letter was kindly loaned for publication by Louise Fox Johns, a niece of Sheridan Fox. Italics are used to indicate words that had been underscored.

N. S. Fox Ballston Spa, Augt. 3d. 1840

Dr. Sir—I learn by your Sister, Mary, that you have obtained a place of employment, in a respectable House, in New York—My object now in writing, is to *impress* upon your mind, my Nephew, the importance of *appreciating* the advantage you now have & of improving the prospect—You are now forming your character, for future Life—Not only for time, but for Eternity—Let me suggest a few things for your careful and attentive observation—They will be of great use to you, after I am dead & gone—Should you survive me.

1. Children obey your parents—Honor thy Father & Mother, which is the first commandment with Promise—Exodus 20th 12th) “That thy days maybe Long in the Earth—That it may be well with thee & thou mayest live long, on the Earth”—There is more meant, in the above Words, Than you are aware—Disrespect to Parents—Insubordination to Parental Restraint—Results generally, In, *Recklessness & Ruin* in future—

2d. Abstain from the *appearance* of Evil—Avoid Temptation of *Every Kind*—Turn away from it—In *This* Course, is your *only Safety*—*Think often, on This!*

3d. Be *rigidly & inflexibly* Honest in all Things—*Especially* in *little things*—The Infinite Mind of Omnipotence, That Knows *all* the Secret workings of the Human Heart, has said in His Word—(Luke 16th 10th) of the unjust Steward—He that is unjust in that which is *least*,

is unjust also in *Much*—Any dishonest or Sinful indulgence, in *little things* will inevitably, *lead* to social & moral ruin—4th—Rigidly Govern yourself—*Set bounds*, to your curiosity & desires—Say thus far shalt thou go, & *no farther*—for he that *ruleth* his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a City—You *must* practice Self denial, if you will *Excell*—

5—Make your mark *high* for Respectability & an Honorable distinction in Society—to accomplish it, you *must* Select, for your associates & familiar friends—Respectable. Intelligent and *virtuous* Persons,—*Remember This*,—Divine Wisdom sanctions This Truth—That Evil communications *corrupts* good morals—

6th—*Store* your mind, with useful Knowledge, Especially, taking the Bible, as the *best Code* of Morals—The best manual for business—And The *only sure* direction, to obtain Eternal Life—for The Truths There containd. will make men, *wise unto Salvation*—

Business Transactions

1st Be *uniformly* industrious—Be *Economical*—Be *Temperate* in all Things—Guard *continually*, against a propensity to *Squander* money, in buying Things, that are *not needed*—

2d. *Remember* That all your *prospect*, of usefulness to your *Relatives*—to *yourself*—to *The World*—Now, depends on The course you are *willing* to take—Let no *Self denial* or *Privation* or *perseverance*, be considered *too great*, In *Striving* for an honorable & virtuous standing in Society—Wealth and Reputation, will be your *Certain Reward*—

3d. As an Encouragement to you, many of the most wealthy, Talented, & honorable men now in the City of New York,

commenced under Circumstances similar to yours & with prospects, no better—

4th Strive to *merit*, by your *faithfulness* & *Integrity*, in business, The Strong *Confidence* of your Employers—When a young man *forfeits*, That, he is gone—When he *Secures* & *retains* That, he is made—

5th Remember that *hundreds* of young men, have been *Ruind*. In The City of New York, by *Temptation*—*Beware* of That hidden Rock—*Caution* is the Parent of Security—

6th Recollect, you have no Father, to *counsel* you, in your, youthful & wayward Steps—but you have a widowed mother, who has drank deep of the cup of affliction & Bereavment, who has long watchd over you, with all The *Tenderness* of a mothers Care—who has risen up early and sat up late & eaten the bread of Carefulness, to bring you up to usefulness & Respectability—She has a *strong claim* now upon you, as a dutiful son, to be ready, to cast a Shield of assistance & Security around her—To become her stay & support in sickness & in her declining years—*Remember This!*

7th Keep in the mind *continually*, in all your Transactions among men, This Proverb—“Think before you Speak” Also “Think *before* you *act*” for all is not Gold that Shines!—Divine Wisdom Cautions “To ponder, *well*, the paths of your feet” *Men* will *deceive* you—your own ardent Temperament, will *deceive* you—*Inexperience* will deceive you!

8th Carefully & attentively *Study* human character—That you may be able to, *Read Men*—to *Weigh Men*—& to *Judge Men*—You will be less liable to be deceived, by Men—You will find *many apparent* friends and a *few Real ones* & *only a few*—

9. Many men have not Succeeded in business, for The Simple Reason—That They Could not say *No*—but always, unwilling to be Considered disobliging, have always been Ready to Say—*Yes*—Too Easily persuaded, to Endorse a note for another—To become Security for a Careless friend—or to Enter into any untried & visionary experiments & always, Thus been losing,

as fast as they were getting—A man cant Succeed in business, unless he can discern *when*, it is proper to say *No* & has decision of character enough, to *stick* to it, inflexibly—I have suffered, severely in the above—I know many others that have—I hope you never will!

10th That Navigator, is most *Safe* & prosperous, who often looks at his chart—observes the Needle—& so *understands* his course—So the business man, is most *Safe* and *Successful*, who often makes reckoning & knows the course his business is taking—

Now my Earnest request is, *Sheridan*, that you will *often* & *carefully*, Read the foregoing, & bring the Instructions, to *bear practically*, upon your character & deportment—I wish you would copy this & forward it to me, when a private opportunity occurs—& also ask Charles to take a Copy & Retain for his use—Send me your Copy—

Yours affectionately—

Norman Fox

Some Famous Ancestors.

In the following communication to the editor, Noel calls attention to our descent from some worthy ancestors who need no introduction. The letter reads:—“It may interest some of the readers of the NEWS to have their attention called to an article in the January 1914 number of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record by John Denison Champlin on “The Ancestry of Anne Hutchinson.” He gives every intervening generation showing her descent from Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Charles II King of France, Baldwin I Count of Flanders, Infante Don Vela de Aragon, Don Alonzo King of Leon, and Sir Walter Blount who was the Sir Walter Blunt of Shakespeare’s King Henry IV. By adding the list given in that article to the names which may be found in the Chesebrough Genealogy any member of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox may show his descent from Charlemagne and those other notables. Anne Hutchinson’s relationship to John Dryden, the Poet Laureate, has already been mentioned in the NEWS. She was a first cousin to the poet’s father.”

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Family Anecdotes.

V.

During a visit to the Grand Central Station, Montague Senior was showing his four year old son the signs of the zodiac upon the ceiling of the waiting room. In answer to his father's question as to why a fish was seen among the stars, the little fellow replied, "Why daddy that's a star fish." On another occasion little Montague was on a railroad train and was entertaining some men in the car by his conversation. He asked two of his fellow passengers whether they had heard about the big war. Wishing to draw him out, they professed entire ignorance of the subject and asked him what war he was talking about and who was doing the fighting, to which little Montague replied:—"Don't you know, it's the war between the Mexicans and the Germans."

VI.

As a small boy, no one could have been more conscientious or better behaved than Alanson. One evening before going to bed, he evidently felt that he was entitled to a little dissipation after the days work and was overheard to make the following remark:—"I've read my bible and brushed my teeth and now I'm going to have a little recreation and play pigs in clover."

VII.

When Stuart and Howard Freeman were at a very young and tender age their father bought each one a handsome variegated ball as a present. Stuart being the elder was given the choice as to which ball he would have. After careful consideration he made a decision and said, "I want Howard's."

VIII

As a little girl, Edith attended a performance of Barnum's Circus, wearing a conspicuously large hat. A woman behind her was apparently annoyed at the offending head gear and made several uncomplimentary remarks for Edith's benefit. In telling her family of the incident and of her attempt to squelch the woman behind her, Edith remarked "I just turned around and gave her a reluctant look"



*The Baptist Church at Ballston Spa of which Norman Fox was pastor.
Reproduced from an engraving made in 1838.*

Family News.

Alanson has been appointed Sergeant in Troop A., Squadron A., N. G. N. Y.

The address of Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert for the winter is Hotel Altamont, Baltimore, Md.

Howard was recently elected Vice-president of the New York State Association of the Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. Army.

Clinton Ivins has formed a business partnership under the name of Haugby and Ivins with offices at the Singer Building.

Adaline and Harry have taken a fifteen months old boy to Pittsfield in the expectation of adopting him later. He has been named Austin Russell.

Noel has been appointed Farrier in Troop A, Squadron A., N. G. N. Y. He has also been detailed to take charge of the ordnance property of the troop and to assist in small arms practice.

The following notice of our paper appeared in the last number of the *Chase Chronicle*, a family paper with which we exchange. "We have before us a copy of the last number of the bright, clean, family association magazine, known as the FOX FAMILY NEWS and we declare it to be well named. May it continue its good work and spur us on to greater success. "Howard" seems to be a real live "Fox" as well as a successful editor."

As the New York papers have seen fit to publish several columns at a time about Helen's work as an artist, we see no reason why we shouldn't say a word ourselves, though we were warned by the artist against any undue enthusiasm or praise. During the past year illustrated articles have appeared in the *Evening Sun*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and the *Sunday Herald* respectively about Helen, her children and her work. They begin with such headlines as these: "If All Doll-Babies Don't Look Alike to You This Year Thanks Are Due to a Woman Sculptor," and "Long Island Artist Designs Dolls That Are Sent

All Over This Continent." etc. Beside the usual taffy some accurate information such as the following was printed:

"The different lines on which she works are designs for dolls, silhouettes, wall paper designs for children's rooms, magazine illustrations, clay models which are photographed and make exquisite bas relief photos. Just now she is much engaged in pottery, small statuettes of children at rest and in action." One of the accounts says that "Mrs. Trowbridge is rich, not only in the creative faculty, but blest with lovely models in a small lad and lassie, her little son and his wee sister." It is hardly necessary to tell our readers that all of the models for the heads of the famous "Campbell Kid" dolls were made by Helen.

Kenneth has been elected School Minister for Worcester, Academy, the Institution from which he graduated. The *Worcester Telegram* of Oct. 28th stated that "The announcement (of Kenneth's election) was greeted with cheers by the boys as most of them have met Rev. Mr. MacArthur. He recently spoke before the school Y. M. C. A. and the boys were delighted with him, as his address was that of a young man to young men." The account continues "Rev. Mr. MacArthur's position as school minister gives him a full place as a member of the school faculty. As school minister he will have full charge of the conduct of the Y. M. C. A. meetings and all allied interests. He will preach from time to time, especially on Sunday nights in the school chapel and will represent the school on suitable occasions. He will give definite instruction twice a week in Bible study to each of the three lower classes."

At the Westfield Ministers Conference recently held at Northampton, Kenneth read a paper entitled "The Findings of Eugenics in the Field of Social Evolution." A newspaper account stated that "It was a masterly paper, full of information and suggestions, eliciting deserved commendation in the general discussion of the subject."



Vol. IV.

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No. 2

The Annual Reunion.

The eleventh annual reunion of the family began with a business meeting held on the morning of New Year's day at the office of the President. There were twenty two persons present, fifteen of whom were active members. The most interesting business was the unanimous election of Gen. Simeon M. Fox, of Manhattan, Kansas, as a collateral member of the Society. That the meeting was not without some excitement can be judged from the proposed amendment to the constitution offered in apparent seriousness by Kenneth. This was to the effect that hereafter the initiation fees for all members be paid by the unmarried men of the society. We may have much to say about this objectionable piece of class legislation, unless the proposer suffers a change of heart before the next annual meeting.

The banquet of the Society was again held in the evening at the Hotel Brevoort. A feature of this year's gathering was the presence of a prospective member, in the person of Alan's fiancée, Miss Marion Dell Carrère and the presence of five members of Uncle Charles family, two of whom, Gertrude Olcott Fox and Louise Kershner made their first appearance on this occasion and we may add, made a decided hit.

During the banquet, the usual family songs were sung and a telegram of good wishes was read from Rob and Nellie, who deserve to be decorated for their faithfulness in telegraphing every year from Oklahoma.

At the conclusion of the banquet the President, Uncle George, acting as toastmaster spoke in part as follows:-

"The primary object of our gathering is to honor and perpetuate the name of

Norman Fox. Only two of us are left who knew him well and with one or two others are the only ones present who ever saw him. But you have all heard the story of his life and those of you who will carefully and thoughtfully read the remarkable letter in the last issue of the FOX FAMILY NEWS will readily recognize the personal characteristics which made him the great and good man that he was. All honor to Norman Fox".

In calling upon a few present for impromptu remarks, the toastmaster said we were fortunate in having with us to-night some old wine in a new bottle which according to Scripture was the proper thing, but he warned the audience that when Uncle Robert drew the rhetorical cork they might expect an oratorical explosion suggestive of new wine in an old skin.

In the course of his remarks, Uncle Robert spoke of the editorial efficiency of the Fox family. He wondered how Stuart ever decided on the name *Bazoo*. "Stuart", he said, "showed the qualities of a genuine editor and had a good 'nose for news'. He knew how to make interesting paragraphs of the trivial incidents occurring in a small village.

Kenneth also showed wonderful patience and enthusiasm in his editorship of *The Young Breeder*. Kenneth was editor of this remarkable publication really before he was able to write, laboriously printing his words. Had he then adopted the new spelling, as he now practices it, his Herculean labors would have been greatly lightened. He too, as well as Stuart showed a remarkable degree of editorial ability.

But the highest honors remain to be given to Howard as editor of the FOX

FAMILY NEWS. Howard is like the children of Israel when under the taskmasters of Pharaoh who required them to make bricks without straw. Howard sends out appeals for articles to which other members of the Fox Family, for the most part, turn deaf ears. We still require him, however, to have a good supply of bricks on hand, whether or not he has straw. We ought all to assist in the preparation of the FOX FAMILY NEWS. Howard is a busy professional man. His work as editor is as admirable as his spirit is commendable."

Uncle Robert closed his speech by making a number of humorous allusions to Alan's submission to the darts of Cupid; and he suggested that nothing short of dum-dum bullets would reach the hearts of "Cousin" Charley, of Noel, of Howard and of Alanson.

In introducing Alan as the next speaker, the toastmaster said "We have the pleasure to-night of welcoming a candidate for Associate membership, Miss Marion Dell Carrère. As she is represented by counsel on this occasion, we will listen to whatever her lawyer may wish to say in her behalf although our minds are already made up as to how we shall vote."

Alan said he was glad to be able to benefit the Society by the addition of a new member and hoped that all would vote for her admission. He added that any one who blackballed her would not be invited to their wedding. To add further interest to the family gatherings Alan thought within a year another member of the family should become engaged and suggested that the unmarried members draw lots for this purpose. He had four lots in his pocket which he would donate for this purpose at the conclusion of the dinner. A tribute was then paid to Rev. Dr. Judson who had been a close friend of the family and a reference was also made to the passing of Manistique. Only two days before, the final meeting of the Chicago Lumber Co. had been held and the last tie severed with the little town in Michigan that had been the scene of numerous reunions.

Uncle George next referred to the

pleasure it gave all to have so many present, representing the family of Uncle Charles and called on his nephew and namesake, Dr. George Henry Fox, 2nd, of Binghamton, to talk about the good old times at Gangmills, the history of Broome County, the campaign in Poland or any other topic he might choose.

In opening his remarks, George said that he felt as nervous as the old darkey flagman, who, after an accident and cross examination in court said "You bet I was nervous when the lawyer asked me if I carried a lantern, for fear he would go on and ask if dat lantern was lit." He said he had nothing to say about Gangmills but referred to his association with Manistique, a place where he had spent more time than any one present. In regard to Broome County, George said that it had furnished the best candidate for governor that could possibly be found in the person of Mr. Harvey G. Hinman. He had no information of value to contribute about the campaign in Poland, but was reminded of the recent campaign of the National Guard in Connecticut. He had attended the manoeuvres in the expectation of finding great opportunities for the practice of military surgery. To his surprise and disgust his entire medical service had consisted in administering to the needs of several sick mules.

In introducing Mason as the last speaker, the toastmaster said "When one has an unpleasant duty to perform it is natural to postpone it as long as possible, but I have now reached the point where I must call with as good grace as possible upon a representative of our Associate members, knowing they are bound to be heard and that we are bound to listen. I am a thorough believer in free speech and am sure that the more they are allowed to talk, the fewer anarchists, communists, cantankerous associates and cranks of various sorts are likely to have."

Mason began his remarks by saying that his respect and affection for his father-in-law made him reluctant to dwell on anything that might cause dissension between them. He would only say that he had pledged his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to the cause of the Associates

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and he knew that in the end right would prevail. Instead of speaking of matters of difference he wanted to pay the toast-master a compliment on his preservation of the family tradition of piety as shown by the easy mastery of biblical allusions displayed in his introduction of Uncle Robert. His wealth of scriptural knowledge reminded Mason of an occasion when one of his college professors was advising him of the result of an examination. The professor said "I have looked over your paper. It conceals some knowledge of the subject and I have reported you as having passed." The speech ended with an authentic anecdote of Alan's engagement. "The day Alan told me of his engagement to my future partner-in-law, I was in my office and presently Cupid staggered out of Alan's office and into mine and sank into a chair. I shook him by the hand and congratulated him on his latest hit and said "snappy work, old fellow. Now you must get Howard and Alanson and Noel." "No thank you", said Cupid, "no more for me, I'm all in."

At the conclusion of the informal speeches a still more informal and impromptu vaudeville performance was given. This included songs by Ethel, ragtime on the piano by George, stories by Alanson and Edgar, imitations by Charles and a recitation by Mr. Charles Miller. There were also selections by the so called real quartette and by the "fake quartette", composed of Helen, Noel, Alan and Kenneth, who unblushingly stood up and sang without any regard whatever to the key. Finally, no family gathering would be complete without the "Bootblack" which was rendered by Montague in his incomparable style, for the last time, he assured us. He also added that his small son "Laddie" would soon take his father's place in reciting this classic at all family

reunions.

The following members and guests were present:—Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cornelia, Cousin Marie Wait, Ada, Caroline, Adaline, Edith, Alice, Helen, Ethel, Bertha, Rachel, Gertrude (Fox), Louise, Uncle George, Uncle Robert, Walter, Charles, Montague, Howard, Harry, Mason, Noel, Alanson, Alan, George, Kenneth, Edgar and Miss Georgia Morrill, Miss Marion Dell Carrère, and Mr. Charles Sumner Miller.

H. F.

A Letter from Nellie.

At the urgent request of the editor for an account of her many civic and other activities, Nellie has written a letter dated Dec. 29th from which we quote as follows:—

"My newest work is the planning and installation of a municipal organ. The citizens of Tulsa are very enthusiastic about the matter, giving anywhere from fifty to one thousand dollars. However, the contract had to be signed by some person to whom the builder could look for the money. Rob said to me, "You believe in your work, I believe in you. Go ahead." It is the place right here to say that Rob gave the first money in Tulsa toward a playground association. He paid a large freight bill to the National Playground Association, to defray the expense of sending a miniature model playground that was set up at the county fair five years ago and attracted nationwide attention.

We have seen many changes in Tulsa, among others directed play by trained supervisors in ward high schools, installation of domestic science and art, manual training and music in the schools. Last year a Y. M. C. A. building was started at a cost of \$50,000. The Y. W. C. A. has a five room cottage headquarters, a fine building lot and last week opened a cafeteria with a capacity of 200, the equipment to cost about \$2000. I am on the Y. W. C. A. board and am chairman of the publicity department, because I talk so much, I suppose.

All of the local charitable interests are centered in one organization, the Tulsa County Humane Society. The So-

ciety not only looks after criminals in a splendid way, but we are the juvenile court officers and the official truant officers for the city schools. We own and control the detention home where the community nurses live. Here they bring all children too sick to be cared for in their homes. The day nursery for children whose mothers go out to daily labor, is under our care and all money passes through our hands. The daily routine also includes looking after hundreds of cases needing food, clothes, fuel, rent; settling family disputes and prosecuting offenders against children. My greatest pride is that I am President of this association and have been on the executive board ever since it was started.

Our Second municipal Tree of Light was quite inspiring this week. Last year the city gave me the money to plan for one. This year, however, eager citizens bore the cost of everything the federation of musicians giving its services.

The next campaign that I contemplate with some other friends is, that credit shall be given in all schools for study of music or any of the arts in or out of school, if the work is to be done under a duly recognized teacher. Let us remember that the Lord endows his children differently. Because one does not happen to be a gifted mathematician or linguist, but is blessed with the greater ability to hear the Choir Invisible, he should not be cast into outer darkness and be called a failure by a school system that has a made-to-order hide-bound course.

Rob is doing such fine work with his company and is really "One of the second vice-presidents" that Montague used to talk about when we were first married. He is growing, and is a bigger, broader, finer and handsomer man than he was twelve years ago. He is part of Oklahoma in the making, and be assured the making is a *Man's Job*.

We send love and greetings and an invitation to each one to come and see us."

Family News.

Edith recently visited her father and mother at Baltimore.

Noel says the Round Robin Letter now goes almost too fast for news to occur.

Howard gave a clinical lecture on February 15th before the physicians of Rutland, Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Satterlee announce the birth of a daughter on January 15th. She has been named Jean Elizabeth.

Hope Ivins and Alanson were guests of Adaline and Harry at Pittsfield on Washington's birthday. During their visit a suffrage cotillion was given at "Riverbend" in honor of Hope.

Gertrude presided lately at a National Students Conference of the Y. W. C. A. She had previously spent five weeks visiting the normal and other schools in Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana, in the interest of the Y. W. C. A. movement in Japan.

Alan's marriage to Miss Marion Dell Carrère took place on Tuesday afternoon, February 16th at St. Bartholomew's Chapel, New York. The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Stebbins, an uncle of the groom assisted in performing the ceremony, which was attended by about twenty members of the Family Society. Alan and his bride went to Florida on their honeymoon.

Carolyn A. Clapp, the oldest daughter of George Fox Clapp, was married to Mr. Frank C. Armstrong, on Saturday, February the 6th at Ballston Spa, New York. Carolyn's sister was a bridesmaid and her brother George Barnes Clapp was one of the ushers. After their return from a trip in the South, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong will live in Albany.

While recording family weddings we must mention that of Dr. G. Reese Satterlee, who married Miss Mabel Alger Powell on Tuesday, February 9th in New York. In addition to being known to most of the family, Dr. Satterlee has two excellent claims for space in our paper. The editor was one of his ushers and he subscribes to the FOX FAMILY NEWS.

FOX FAMILY NEWS—SUPPLEMENT

MARCH 1, 1915

The March to Antietam.

by Capt. William Freeman Fox.

(Part of a letter written by Uncle William
to his sister)

Washington, Sept 30.

You have doubtless received letters from Charlie with full accounts of the great battle of Antietam. It is acknowledged by all to be the greatest battle ever fought on this continent. There have been greater losses at other battles, but none so great in one day. Although the battle was a grand and awful affair yet it did not impress my mind as the march of 15 days which preceded it. In writing home the soldiers and correspondents are all taken up with the fight, and forget the scenes of the march which as well as the battle had its sights of interest.

After the fighting at Culpepper our boys complained that they were left out at each battle and pretended a great distaste for the inactivities of a garrison life. They made many boasts of their warlike wishes and uttered the most direful threats, all of which they proposed to put into execution at the first opportunity. But they were suddenly startled one Saturday evening by an order to throw away their knapsacks and fill their haversacks with 3 days rations and prepare to march at 7 o'clock that night. As the sun sank, throwing the red light of sunset over the tented hills, our regt filed slowly out of Camp Seward, and the men bidding good-bye to its comforts and jolly reminiscences turned their faces towards the blue rolling lands of Maryland. We crossed the Potomac at Georgetown and then marched along the highway towards the Harpers Ferry country. It was a beautiful night and the moving army gave rise to many scenes, grand and picturesque. It was the time of the full moon and her light fell beautifully on the army which was fast being swelled by reinforcements. At the summit of each hill could be seen a splendid sight. The road was densely packed with the dark moving masses of the soldi-

ery while the moonlight fell in beautiful reflections on the restless shifting mass of glittering gun barrels. For hours the different regiments and brigades moved by, marching on with "laugh and song and ringing shout". Now and then above the hum of their voices could be heard a few men singing some popular army song. Their comrades catch up the tune and so it passes along and soon you can hear the hills echo as the night air is stirred by the rushing sounds of the tumultuous chorus. But the night wears on and the men soon grow quiet and are contented to plod wearily on and let the singing go. A few however now and then burst out in some little snatch of an old song but finding none of their comrades musically disposed they too relapse into the patient plodding step for the band have long since ceased playing and the colonels give the order "Rout step. Arms at will". The men now carry their muskets in whatever way they find the easiest and instead of keeping time, they merely follow along with uncertain and weary steps. The night wears on and the officers looking at their watches find that Sunday has come. One o'clock A. M. Silently the vast army moves on with no sound save shuffling of the many dusty feet and the dull rumbling of the artillery wagons. The men are very taciturn and even Charlie Golden has ceased his Irish jokes and Tipperary witticisms. Two o'clock. Men begin to lag, one calls out "Captain how long before they let us rest". "Can't say" replies that officer "stick to it and we'll have a halt soon." Before long the order comes "Halt, Rest". The men lie down in the road. A few less tired go to the roadside and lie on the grass. Lieut. Charlie who had just put on a pair of new boots and who had been on picket duty all day before the march comes limping along and lies down by my side. We lay ten minutes and then comes the order "Atten-t-i-o-n Battalion" "Forward March". Silently the weary and sleepy men fall into line

and on we move. Charlie limps along vowing vengeance on old Ben Farwell for making his boots so tight. So we go on and the moonlight disappears as the glowing of the eastern sky tells of the coming day. We soon halt for breakfast. Then on again. The church bells were ringing in the villages of the north, and many a soldier's thoughts turned towards the quiet home he had left. Still on, and as the bells were ringing for evening service at the little village of Rockville the 107th camped on a neighboring hill. Too tired to cook supper the men lay down for sleep and soon the falling night dew kissed good night upon their cheeks while the thick white fog of the Potomac crept softly up the hill and spread itself as a sheet over the sleeping regiment. But we don't sleep long, for soon, at midnight, the long roll sounds through the camp. Its first strokes are heard by the officers who hastily buckle on their swordbelts. Then we go through the sleeping crowd and urge the soldiers on their feet again. The enemy are reported but a few miles distant. Another weary march. The enemy retreat and so on for 15 days till we finally met them and fought the battles of Boonesboro, South Mountain, and finally the desperate but final contest of Antietam.

During the march we suffered much from the suffocating clouds of dust. We suffered from thirst and the men drank water in which you would not wash your hands. We had to march with nothing to eat only as we could get it by plundering and foraging through the country. I don't mean to say that I robbed hen roosts, but there were times when faint with hunger I made no inquiry as to where my boys got the fowls or beef and mutton which they used to bring in at midnight and the best pieces of which were always nicely cooked and saved by the men for "Our Captain". However Uncle Sam pays the farmers of Maryland for all the soldiers took during the march and so our consciences are free after all. I think if

I ever commit suicide I won't do it by starvation as the lovers in the theatre do. It is a very unpleasant sensation to be hungry, real hungry I mean. There were many times when Charlie and I would have run a mile for the crust which at home you were throwing away. It was a hard thing on the march to see men drop down in the road senseless. Two men in a New Jersey regt died that way. The sun at times shone with intense heat. The sweat ran in streams from our faces. One by one the men fell out and were carried into the hospitals which began to line the road through which the army marched. If I had not been a man I would have cried as I watched some boys in my company. They were too proud spirited to own that they were tired out and would keep up as long as they could but now and then one would reel blindly forward and fall senseless in the road. Covered with sweat and dust, the man would be dragged to the side of the road, a comrade left with him and on we go. When night came if we were allowed to halt we lay down anywhere merely waiting to stack our arms.

On Sunday the 13th we came up with the enemy. We were stationed in the reserve and from a side hill which overlooked the beautiful valley of the Monocacy we watched the white smoke as it rose in puffs from the batteries which were booming in the lowlands below us. The fight resulted in our favor. The Rebs retired and on again we pushed after them. At the Monocacy the bridge was burned and so we waded, the men splashing through, endeavoring to keep their cartridges above water.

There was another fight at South Mountain and we marched that day through roads and fields strewn with the corpse of the enemy. They lay by the road sides and stone walls, their faces turned up toward the glaring sun. In an old barn by the road I saw two human arms lying on an old table while a hand



Capt. William Freeman Fox.

and foot lay in the manger. The table had evidently been used by the rebel surgeons for an operating table.

Tuesday night before the battle was a rainy and disagreeable one. A cold rain chilled us and threw a gloom over our spirits already sober at the prospect of the bloody scenes which we knew awaited the daylight. We lay upon our arms while but a short distance lay the southern regiments who were to confront us in the morning. I was so tired that I fell asleep and did not awake until the jarring sound of cannon roused me. It was daybreak and our regt was just forming. Soon we ourselves marched into the storm of death. Gen. Mansfield rode up and rallied our brigade. He ordered an advance. It was his last order. A rifle cracked in the woods towards which we were charging and the old grey headed veteran of many wars fell from his horse. But our own danger claimed our attention. A horrid shriek, a cry wrung from brave men, sounded from my left. It could be

heard above the roaring of the artillery and the incessant rolling of the musketry. I looked and a gap in our lines showed where a shell had torn through our ranks, killing and tearing the limbs and bodies of the men. That told the first death in the 107th. Coolly and calmly the men closed up the space and on. Soon my men began to fall. A shell burst in the centre of our banner. Jesse Lewis of my Co. carries it and although bruised and hurt by the shell he still waves it and presses on knowing well that the whole regt is watching the flag. We finally are halted and marched to the support of a battery, which position we took and held, and that too after 4 regts. of old troops had run away from that place. We were afterwards publicly thanked by Brig. Gen. Gordon for our services during the fight.

My Co. suffered but slightly though we had many narrow escapes. Three horses were killed while standing in one company. Theodore Conner and Wilson Woodruff distinguished themselves in my company for coolness and courage. In the middle of the fight I called out to Sergeant Cowley and asked him how he liked it "Och murder captain" said Mike, "I would rather be sittin in your father's kitchen a talkin wid Mary, that I wud". But Mike never flinched and showed himself a bully boy. Three days later I went over the field. The dead men were yet unburied and lay in piles where our artillery had mown them down. It was a touching sight to see the soldiers of the different regiments burying the bodies of their dead comrades. A hasty trench not over two feet deep was all the grave that they could give them. Tenderly they would pick up some body and carry it to its little but final resting place. The cartridge box of the dead soldier is laid in the head of the grave as a pillow and the dead mans blanket forms his shroud. With a rough tenderness they shovel in the hard gravelly soil upon the upturned face of the soldier and then with comment and remarks upon

his life or fate the grave is soon filled. A piece of board is driven in the ground for a head stone and some friend paints in rude lettering the name and regt of the dead. Now and then some grave, larger and more carefully dug with a rude box by its side, denotes the burial place of some officer. The enemy are buried in long trenches 50 and often a 100 in a hole together. Our dead men were robbed as they were lying on the field. The pockets were invariably turned inside out. There were many sad and touching scenes after the battle at the different places where the wounded men were brought.

The night after the battle I slept in a barn which was used as a hospital. During the night some of the men died. They died too with no one to speak to them or help them, died in the dark, at night, in a barn. The barn was full but there were no lights and amid the groans of so many wounded no one heeded nor saw the dying men whose lives slowly ebbed away, but in the morning as the surgeon walked around among the sufferers, now and then he would stop and shake his head as he saw the bodies before him of some who no longer needed his help.

We are soon to have another big battle in Western Virginia whither the rebels have retreated. In fact the war has only just begun. The tremendous accessions which both sides are receiving will produce a war more desperate and bloody than any previous. I have long since given up all hopes of ever returning. If a soldier does his duty and stands right up to the flag he cannot long escape unhurt from the showers of death which fall like whirlwinds as the fight goes on. Yet there will be many who will return.

If you ever get married you must pick out a soldier. They would make capital husbands. They never grumble, because they take anything just as it comes. They would not find fault with the kitchen arrangements but would dine uncomplainingly on hard biscuit and water, being

used to that for three years. If the steaks were not just right they would not notice it as the only way they have of cooking is to put a piece of raw meat on a sharp stick and hold it in the blaze till it is burned black when they pronounce it done. The washing and ironing would always suit as they have washed their own shirts in little creeks too often and put them on wet at that as they only had one shirt or also sat in the sun till the garment was dry. And moreover they would stick to their home. Three years absence teaches them to appreciate its privileges. Besides soldiers are always such easy good natured fellows that the women can manage them as they please while at the same time they could rely upon their fighting proclivities for protection. Better wait and catch a soldier if you can. No matter if you are not good looking. A long absence from the market renders them green in that business and they will grab eagerly for the first young lady who presents herself. Better cut the home guards.

When some of the home guards come around with their invitations to moonlight walks and ice creams etc. please recollect the lads nestled side by side sleeping among the cold mountain tops of the Blue Ridge tired and hungry without even the sound of a woman's voice to take off the rough edges of their hard life. When you are in Corinthian Hall some time amidst the gay pleasures of society think of the soldiers who are perhaps, no matter how late, tramping wearily, sleepily over mountain roads with perhaps the prospect of battle and death before them for the morrow. When you sit down to tables covered with white cloths and tempting food think of the men who are sitting under a tree on some Virginia plain or hill chewing with a solemn expression of countenance the "hard tack" and drinking from their tin cups the black and bitter coffee furnished by Uncle Sam, glad enough too for that however poor it may be.



Vol IV.

MAY 1, 1915

No. 3

Fox, Chesebrough, Stanton Genealogy.

16 English, 8 American Generations.
by *Rev. Dr. William A. Stanton.*
(Author of the "Stanton Family")

Sir Bryan (1) de Stanton, lived in 6th year of Edward the Confessor, 1048 A. D. m. dau. of Theobald Chawser.

Sir Theobald (2) Stanton, Lord of Stanton, Nottingham Co. Eng. m. dau. of Sir John Gifford.

Sir Malgerus (3) Stanton, Lord of Stanton, m. dau. of Thomas Fitz Allen.

Sir Galfridus (4) Stanton, m. Beatrix dau. of Lord de Albini of Belvoir Castle.

Sir William (5) Stanton, m. Athelin Whitworth.

Sir Henry (6) Stanton, m. dau. of Sir George Rochford.

Sir Geoffrey (7) Stanton, m. Alice dau. of Lord de Ross, ancestor of the Earls and Dukes of Rutland.

Sir William (8) Stanton, m. Isabel, dau. of Sir Ralph Chaworth.

Sir William (9) Stanton, m. Joan, dau. of Lord D'Eyncourte.

A generation (10) here name unknown.

Sir Thomas (11) Stanton of Stanton, who moved to Longbridge, Warwick Co., about 1450 A. D. and founded the still existent Stanton Hall & Manor at the southern edge of Warwick City, on the road to Stratford-on-Avon.

Sir John (12) Stanton of Longbridge, m. Matilda....., about 1493.

Sir Thomas (13) Stanton, m. (?)

Sir John (14) Stanton, m. Elizabeth Townsend of Wales.

Thomas (15) (younger son) m. Maria Pudsey about 1574 bought manor of Wolverton about three miles west of Warwick city, became lord of manor &

patron of parish of Wolverton.

Thomas (16) Stanton, Knight of Wolverton; m. Katherine, dau. of Walter Washington of Radway, Warwick Co., third son of Robert Washington who was first son of Lawrence Washington, Lord of Sulgrave Manor and ancestor of George Washington of America (see p. 2.)

AMERICAN LINE

Thomas (1) Stanton, b. 1616 in Wolverton, came to Virginia in 1635, thence to Boston, Hartford, and Stonington in 1657, m. Ann, dau. of Thomas Lord, M. D. (1) of Hartford; had eleven children, the eldest Thomas (2) the seventh Dorothy (2)

Thomas (2) Stanton, b. 1638 in Hartford; m. Sarah Denison of Stonington, lived there.

Sarah (3) Stanton, b. 1674 in Stonington; m. Nathaniel Chesebrough of Stonington.

Nathan (4) Chesebrough b. 1707 in Stonington; m. Bridget (4) Noyes (James (3) Rev. James who m. Dorothy (2) dau of Thomas (1) Stanton) sister to Sarah (4) Noyes,

Peleg (5) Chesebrough, b. 1736-7 in Stonington; m. Rebecca (5) dau. Rev. Jonathan Barber and the above Sarah (4) Noyes, g. dau. of Dorothy (2) Stanton.

Maria (6) Chesebrough, b. 1788 in Stonington; m. Alanson (6) Fox (Jehiel (5) Daniel, (4) Isaac, (3) Samuel, (2) Thomas (1) Fox.)

Betsy (6) Chesebrough, b. 1777 in Stonington; m. Wm. Freeman, had 2 sons & 1 dau.

Jane DeHart (7) Freeman, b. 1831, m. Rev. Norman (6) Fox, bro. to the above Alanson (6) Hence all descendants of Norman (6) and Alanson (6) are descendants Thomas (1) Stanton through

his son Thomas (2) and his daughter Dorothy (2) who m. Rev. James Noyes. They add at least three generations to the above.

"It is of interest to know that through the above mentioned ancestress Maria Pudsey, a direct line is traced through 7 Pudseys, 1 Hamerton, 5 Tempests, 11 Talbots (Earls of Shrewsbury to Edith de Warrene dau. of Gundred who was the dau. of William the Conqueror and Matilda his Queen. This shows a direct line of 36 generations from the great grand children of Norman and Alanson Fox back to William the Conqueror and Queen Matilda. Of course all of their ancestors are ours. History makes it possible to continue back to Pepin le Vieux, the founder of the Carovingian line, who died in 639 A. D. Since he was then "the old" it is certain that he was born near or before 550 A. D. I have been unable to learn his parentage but nearly 1400 years of ancestry (equivalent to 41 generations) will satisfy most folk in America.

The line between Pepin le Vieux and Matilda includes a long line of counts of Flanders (named Baldwin and Arnolph) the first count (or earl) was Baldwin I who married Judith the widow of Aethelwulf, King of Wessex, and the mother of King Alfred. She was daughter of Charles the Bald whose ancestry is Louis I, Charlemagne, Pepin le Bref, Charles Martel, Pepin le Gros, Pepin le Vieux.

One other item and I am done. Thomas Stanton was son of Katherine Washington and grandson of Walter Washington who was third son of Robert. Robert's ancestors are as follows, Lawrence, John, Robert, John. Robert's eldest son was grandfather to John who came to Virginia in 1657 and said John was in turn the grandfather to George Washington. Thomas Stanton and John Washington, both of whom came to America, were second cousins. All descendants of Thomas Stanton in the eighth generation are fifth cousins four generations removed in relationship to George Washington. Sulgrave Manor House was purchased this winter by the English

committee on "A Centennial of Peace between England and the United States" and henceforth will be a mecca for American tourists."

In a letter to the editor, Rev. Mr. Stanton writes that the above communication "Contains but little biography of the conventional type, but much of the genealogical. I spent several hours making the connecting links with the Fox Family. This is shown in no published matter that I ever saw and adds a new write up of the connection between Thomas Stanton and two sons of Jehiel Fox and their descendants. In working this out I have been impressed by intermarriages, that families such as Averys, Rogers, Lesters, Starks, Palmers, Dennisons (all of Stonington and New London) will offer possibilities to you such as Chesebroughs and Stantons have shown."

From The Archives.

Bivouac 107th Regt N. Y. V.
Jan. 30, 1863.

Dr Father & Mother

We broke camp at Stafford C. H. on Tuesday and marched 6 miles to Hoak's Landing a place on Aquia bay where the store and Quartermaster boats land supplies for Sigel's grand Corps l'armee. The road was so muddy that our regt marched in single file in a foot path which happened to have been laid through the woods. We are the only regt here. We are camped on the shore of the inlet where the "Frances Page" lay concealed last year. We came here to lay corduroy roads. We have a job on hand which will take us a week by which time we expect to corduroy ourselves back to our brigade. It is a very muggy, nasty, job. The weather is quite severe, what you at the North call "tejus". We wouldn't care if we only had a good place to go to when we quit work at night. As it is we crawl into our shelter tents which are about 3½ ft. high and pitched in the snow at that. Neither do we get the warm fire and good supper which a man wants after a cold days work. Instead, we eat some pork and dry brd and then go to bed with our wet boots on.

FOX FAMILY NEWS.

The recognized organ of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. Published every two months. Editor, Howard Fox, 616 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

We have five inches snow on the ground and nothing but second growth green pine to make a fire with.

Our regt has not seen much fighting but we have seen service. I was on the Peninsula and at the Chickahominy and saw what it was then. I think we have it worse as the Peninsula campaign was carried on in a better season of the year.

Sleeping in storms of snow and rain with only one blanket over us is telling fast upon the health of the regt. Charlie and Irving are fat as bucks and merry as a terrier pup. I don't feel as well myself, but in case of any trouble with my health I shall take a trip to Washington.

Yours affectionately,

William

Japanese Letters.

Gertrude has kindly given us some samples of letters written by her pupils when she was teaching at the Peeress's School in Tokio, Japan. She writes as follows:—

There is difficulty in knowing how to address anyone in English. I have been called by different young men "Dear Sir MacArthur" and "Dear Maquarsee" the latter being the English equivalent of the Japanese form. A young Japanese used to write to me often and ask all kinds of questions. One letter ends apologetically. "I hope you sincerely to give me the answer at your earliest convenience, though I believe it will be a great trouble to you as I am sure you are busily engaging." What a vast difference between being engaged, being busy and being engaging, but how very difficult to explain.

The last letter I give was written on a postcard by a Japanese who had been entertained at dinner the Sunday before. It shows the dangers of the idiom book and the dictionary.

"Dear Sir. I have the honor to inform



Emma Freeman Fox 1836-1901

you that the last Sunday was the most pleasant day when I was favored by you the happiness of enjoying the divine litany in the forenoon while the afternoon seemed almost as if a windfall, for during the occasion you deigned to condescend a sort of social dinner by which you showed explicitly the fulness of benign cosy suave heart! I can make neither head nor tail about the cordial hospitality you vouchsafed to extend so far to me, in the very consequence of the swoon of exhilarating ecstasy generated amidst that function. It may then be surmised that I took twin meals a day, the one, esquellent dinner or fleshly diet, the other spiritual banquet or immaterial entertainment. I go so far as to assert that this course of events nicked upon my mind as an indelible impression which shall not be worn out or stamped out if I shall have come to pay my debt to nature. Please forgive my inexcusable effrontery to express my heartfelt thanks for your inundating kindness by means of such a gruff billet as would invariably cast my impudent act in your teeth. I beg in the end you would on my behalf give my good-humoredly compliments to the rest of your family."

Family News.

Alice expects to spend the summer at Manchester, Vt.

Lost:—Eight pounds by Mrs. Trowbridge, of Port Washington. No reward offered.

At the last rifle practice of Squadron A at Peekskill, Noel made the highest score in his troop.

Ethel writes that she has been elected National Vice-President of her musical sorority, Sigma Alpha Iota.

Gertrude, Cousin Marie Wait, Helen and Uncle George have lately visited Adaline and Harry at Pittsfield.

Gertrude has gone to Los Angeles to attend a meeting of the Y. W. C. A. While in California she will visit one of her cousins.

At the recent intertroop horsemanship competition of Squadron A, Alan was one of the four members of his troop team which won second place.

Uncle George recently read a paper before the State Medical Society at Buffalo. He also visited Mrs. Eugene H. Satterlee (one of our subscribers) at Pittsford, N. Y.

Edgar is a member of the Harvard Legal Aid Bureau which gives free legal service to needy persons in Cambridge and Boston. He recently won a case for a poor client.

Alanson recently took a trip in a special train with a party of bankers to inspect the Genesee River Railroad. On his trip he passed through Binghamton, Painted Post and Nunda.

Helen has designed a new toy which consists of building blocks painted like dominoes to teach young children arithmetic. Helen also has a statuette in the woman's exhibition of sculpture at Grahams.

Alan and Dell, on their wedding trip, visited St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Havana and Panama. At Panama they were entertained by Gen. Goethals who is an old friend of Dell's mother, Mrs. Carrère.

Howard has followed Noel's example in joining patriotic societies. In addition


to being a member of the Society of the War of 1812, he has joined the Loyal Legion, the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars.

It is suggested that we have another automobile "Hike" in view of the success of the visit to Plattsburg last fall. If you have suggestions to offer about any particular route we will be glad to publish them in the next issue.

Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert left Baltimore on April 26th for Tulsa to spend three weeks with Rob and Nellie. After that they expect to return directly to Suffield, Ct., where they will spend the summer, Uncle Robert preaching as usual at Tremont Temple, Boston.

Here is a recent contribution to zoology by little Mason, describing one of his collection of extraordinary animals. He says "The Guile is an animal that has no head, no arms, no legs, no tail. It's almost nothing. It moves so slowly that it stays half an hour in the same place. It lives under the water because when it comes up on the beach it gets sunburned. It lays its eggs in a nest under the rocks."

In the article on family athletes, we should have mentioned some of the members of the fair sex. Hope Ivins would certainly have been the star athlete of this class. At the Plainfield Seminary she played center on the basket ball team. For two years she won the cup at the Country Club for girls singles in tennis. At Dana Hall she was captain of the junior basket ball team, played on the junior hockey team and played on the base ball team.

 NOTICE. The next number of the paper will not appear until the latter part of July, as the editor expects to leave for California on June 9th returning to New York on July 5th.

Harriet Gibbs Fox, wife of Dr. George Henry Fox, died on Friday, March 19th in New York. Funeral services were held at Calvary Baptist Chapel and the interment took place at Ballston Spa, New York.

FOX FAMILY NEWS—SUPPLEMENT

MAY 1, 1915

Harriet Gibbs Fox.

1848-1915

"Aunt Hattie" as she was familiarly and affectionately known in our family circle, after an illness of two and a half years, is gone.

She was born and spent her childhood days in Nunda, N. Y. and was educated at the Collegiate Institute in Rochester, N. Y. She was married at Titusville, Pa. Aug. 29th 1872, her father having moved there from Nunda. During her first year of married life she lived in Paris and London and then made New York her home, spending her summers in recent years at her country residence at Glen Cove, L. I.

She was active in church and philanthropic work, serving as Chairman of the House Committee of the Students Club and on the Board of Managers of the Baptist Home for the Aged. She was one of the founders of the Meridian Club and a member of the Barnard Club. In music, to which she was devoted, her taste and skill afforded great pleasure both to herself and to many others.

At her funeral service at the Calvary Baptist Church, of which she had been a member for forty-two years, the organ was played by Miss Chittenden and two favorite hymns were sung by Mr. Bushnell. Dr. MacArthur said:

"No word can be more appropriate for this friend and sister than that she be called God's beloved. She was our beloved. I have never had a thought of her, not even for a moment, but love. I knew her as a girl in her father's and mother's home, and as a daughter and sister she was beloved. I knew her in the circle of her school life and as a pupil in her school she was beloved by every other pupil and every teacher in that school. I knew her in her married life, as wife and mother, and in every circle she was beloved as few people have ever been. I knew her in this church as a most devoted and consecrated member, and in our Sunday School where she in-



structed the large primary class for many years. I knew her in the circle of student life, and she was beloved by all, as a skillful musician, as a charming hostess and as a friend to all especially to the aged and the needy, she filled a large and loving place in all our hearts."

Obituary notices appeared in several of the New York daily papers, in the *Glen Cove Echo* and in the *Nunda News*. The latter contained letters written by friends who had known her since childhood and from which the following extracts are taken.

"Her presence had a personal atmosphere which made others happier for her presence. It is seldom one can write words like these of anyone. Two years and a half of suffering borne so patiently and then she passed on to the beyond, making this world less bright, because she must go. Memories will remain and her good works, her loving ways her constant deeds of kindness will live on because such perfect characters make a lasting impression." Katherine Bell Lewis.

"Many of the readers of your paper

will recall with pleasure her visit to Nunda during "Home Week" some years since, where she was a prominent, if not the central figure in the exercises and festivities of that event, and where with genuine grace and warm affection, she greeted and entertained everyone she knew or their posterity. She never lost her royal affection for the village of her birth, and her interest in its prosperity or its people never weakened." Mary Metcalf Peck.

The following extracts from letters received by her family will furnish a brief word picture of her life and character.

While it was never my privilege to know her, I remember, when Walter was taken from me, what a dear, beautiful letter I received from Aunt Hattie and I have loved her since and felt that I knew her.

Through her I selected what has turned out to be my life work and I always felt it was due her that I should make good. Some part of her spirit lives in me as it does in so many, some part of her power for good lives in all who came under her influence.

We have lost out of sight one of the dearest, sweetest friends we ever owned and the world is changed to us without her here.

My dear, beautiful, faithful friend has gone and I mourn that I shall never see her on this earth again.

She was a wonderful wife and a wonderful mother and no one could be more loyal to a friend than she always was.

Hattie, to me, was a very remarkable woman in her home life and in the outside world. She was such a dear, loving friend and such an example for us all.

She lived a noble, worthy life, always doing for and thinking of others.

She was always so kind, so considerate and so helpful.

I shall always think of her as being so imbued with love and unselfishness that she unconsciously made others happy to be with her.



I have always had for her the warmest feeling of both affection and admiration. But that is the way everyone felt.

Your wife was one of the most beautiful characters that ever lived.

Simple, sincere, generous in thought and deed, unselfish, considerate of and always thinking of others, kind loving and tender.

I always think of Mrs. Fox as being so bright and happy and entering into the joy of everything.

It was a joy to come into her cheerful bright presence.

I shall never forget the kind and loving way she had with everyone.

I think her wonderful spirit of fun, of entering into all our jokes as if she were our own age was one of the sweetest things about her.

One of my pleasantest recollections of those Sunday evenings at 15 East 31st street is your mother's always cordial welcome.

Now she is her own bright self once more, no longer in bondage to her body, but the gay, capable, gifted, generous spirit that we knew in the old days when your home was the center of hospitality and your mother the center of the home.



Vol IV.

JULY 1, 1915

No. 4

Alanson Jehiel Fox

*(A biographical sketch written by his brother
Norman Fox)*

ALANSON JEHIEL FOX the second child and oldest son of Norman and Jane Freeman Fox, was born at Glens Falls, Nov. 7th. 1833. His boyhood was spent in Ballston Spa to which place his father removed in 1838. He attended the district schools of the town, being also for a time in the boarding school kept by the Rev. H. W. Bulkley, two miles south of the village. He also spent a year or so at the Stillwater Academy, but his more complete preparation for college was made at the boarding school in Ballston, kept by the Rev. Deodatus Babcock, D.D. He was proficient in his studies and at the age of sixteen was fully prepared to enter the Junior year in Union College at Schenectady, which he intended to do, but a few days before the opening of the term his father felt compelled to urge upon him that his assistance was needed in business and he reluctantly abandoned his plans for further scholastic training.

After a short clerkship in the store of Henry Chapman in Ballston, he went to Brewer's Mills, a lumbering establishment on the Rideau Canal near Kingston, Canada, owned by Fox & Anglin. In 1853 he went to the Gang Mills of Fox, Weston & Bronson on the Tioga River near Painted Post, Steuben Co., N. Y., the largest lumbering concern in that region. In time he was made a member of the firm and remained there for thirty five years. Becoming engaged with other men in extensive lumbering operations at Manistique in the upper Peninsula of Michigan, the administration of which devolved

largely upon him, he removed in 1888 to Detroit where he spent the remainder of his life.

Though one's career be marked by nothing dramatic, though its record be made up only of the short and simple annals of the discharge of every day duties and affairs, it may be a power for good and one which contains lessons for our meditation. Such was the life whose outlines are given in the foregoing brief paragraphs.

He was a business man of the highest type. He possessed not merely that commercial sagacity which secures an increase of property, but he had that instinctive sense of justice in trade which regards the rights and the interests of both parties to the transaction. He was a successful business man in a higher sense than that of making money for his own firm. He had the ability to devise transactions which would be for the benefit of his customer as well as himself. It may safely be asserted that no one with whom he had dealings ever suspected him of unfairness and one result was that when business was slack elsewhere, his mail was filled with orders, for buyers felt that he would look out for their interests as truly as for his own.

From earliest boyhood he had been thoughtful and conscientious and at Ballston in 1850 he made a profession of religion and was baptized. In the village church at Painted Post he was a leader, the main dependence of its pastor and brethren, and he served also as superintendent of the Sunday School in the school house near the mills. On removing to Detroit he united with the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, serving as a mem-

ber of its Board of Trustees and as a bible class teacher. In the affairs of the Michigan Baptist State Convention he took an active part and also in the operations of the Baptist brotherhood. He was one of the foremost laymen of the denomination.

He was active also in civic affairs. In any gathering of citizens or any public enterprise he was always a leader. He was interested in the business of the county being a member for several years of the Board of Supervisors and he was at different times urged to accept a nomination for Congress. Though the district was strongly Republican and he was a Democrat it was recognized that he could be elected, for large numbers of Republicans would have voted for him. His business activities however, forbade his acceptance of this office which others were willing to take.

His leadership among the citizens was especially noticeable during the war for the Union. No man in the country did more than he in support of the government in the raising of troops and in looking after the interests of the soldiers in the field. His father had served in the war of 1812, his grandfather in the Revolution and his great grandfather in the Old French War, while of his four brothers one was Lieutenant Colonel and one Major in the 107th N. Y., and of the other two, one was a chaplain and one a private in the 77th N. Y. Though he could not himself take the field he rendered as effective service to the government as if he had himself been enrolled in the army ranks.

Though his formal educational course closed at the age of sixteen he continued habits of thought and study. He was a broad and thoughtful reader, his private library being large and especially well chosen. He wrote often for the press and his articles were always in effective style. He was an interesting and forcible speaker and on the political platform or at a war meeting or before a religious convention his addresses had great weight. He

was a fine specimen of the educated business man. The oft discussed question whether a young man intending to enter commercial life should go through college is not simply the question whether a knowledge of Greek and Latin will help a man manufacture lumber or sell stocks; it recognizes that a man has relations to life outside his business affairs and that in his family circle, in his church and ecclesiastical assemblies, in civic life and in gatherings of his fellow citizens, a trained mind will make him a greater power in life. It was as such that he was called on to take a leading part in the administration of scholastic trusts.

He was a trustee of Vassar College, of the University of Rochester and of Kalamazoo College and was president of the Board of Trustees of the Rochester Theological Seminary.

In 1903 he came to New York to submit to a surgical operation for relief from a trouble from which he had suffered more or less for some time. His physicians considered that no great danger was involved in it but complications set in and after a fortnight of hopes and anxieties he passed away on the evening of October 29th.

At the home of his brother-in-law in New York was held a quiet gathering of his kindred and a very few intimate friends, the service being conducted by Dr. Edward Judson who had been a guest at his home. The more formal services were held in Detroit on Monday Nov. 2nd and were conducted by the Rev. Spencer B. Meeser D. D., pastor of the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church. Addresses were made by Prof. C. R. Henderson, D. D. of the University of Chicago, the pastor for many years of the Woodward Avenue Church, and by President A. H. Strong D. D. of the Rochester Theological Seminary. Borne by four brothers and two nephews he was buried in Woodmere Cemetery where were already laid three of his children; Little Joe who passed away in the beauty of his childhood,

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Julia who was called away just as she attained womanhood and Stuart who in early manhood was suddenly stricken down. There he rests, but though dust returns to dust, the true life never ends.

A word from the author of **The Chesebrough Family**

To the editor of the Fox Family News:-

As I am very much interested in your little journal **THE FOX FAMILY NEWS**. I would like to call your attention to the letter from the author of *The "Stanton Family"* in the May number. The writer states that the connecting link between Thomas Stanton and Katherine (Washington) and the two sons of Jehiel Fox (Alanson and the Rev. Norman) is shown in no published matter that "he has ever seen", so I take this privilege to explain, that the full record from Thomas Stanton down through the children and grandchildren of Alanson and the Rev. Norman Fox, appears not only in the Chesebrough Genealogy published in 1903 but in a preceding publication in 1890, "*Daniel Fox and his Descendants*" written by your uncle the late Col. William Freeman Fox, of Albany, from which, together with personal letters, the record in the Chesebrough Genealogy was taken.

Anna Chesebrough Wildey.
June 1915.

"The March to Antietam"

In the interesting narrative written by Uncle William of the "*March to Antietam*" there are one or two points which may have escaped the attention of the reader and are worthy of comment. The reason why the battle did not impress his mind as much as the long march which preceded it was because he was seriously wounded early in the conflict and therefore saw but a portion of it. He commanded the



Dell Carrère Fox

color company of the 107th N.Y.V. and speaks of a shell bursting in the center of the flag but does not mention the fact that this shell burst near his head and placed him hors de combat. He also speaks of sleeping in a barn used as a hospital the night after the battle amid groaning and dying men, but again fails to mention the fact that his being wounded was the reason he slept there.

Many years after the war, while Supt. of State Forests at Albany he took a trip abroad to inspect the renowned forests of Italy and Germany. On the steamer coming home he sat at the table next to a southern gentleman who, hearing him addressed as "Colonel" naturally began a conversation relating to the war. He had commanded a Confederate Battery and dilating upon the achievements said "The finest shooting we ever did was at Antietam. A Yankee Regiment, a thousand strong, marched up on the ridge just opposite us. I ordered my men to aim at the flag and the very first shot struck it." "Yes," quietly remarked Uncle William, "and it nearly killed me."

Gertrude's Trip to California

"My convention duties kept me one week in Los Angeles (My, the wonder of the jitneys and the cafeteria service,) So there was time for trips to Pasadena where we were entertained at tea and garden parties, and to San Diego, where we found the Exposition all one could wish in quietness and freedom from crowds.

At Berkeley I visited a cousin on the MacArthur side, Edith McKericher Tibbetts, whose husband is a hydraulic engineer, formerly an instructor at the University of California. It was a great rest to get back to Berkeley after busy days in San Francisco or Oakland and to enjoy that view from the hill of the Golden Gate by day, and the lights of the exposition by night, from far across the bay. You must see the Exposition at San Francisco to get an idea of the exquisite beauty of the color and the architecture, of the trees and flowers and lighting.

Go to California if you are getting too sensible or too selfish, too apathetic or too bored. Go to dream and be thrilled, to escape the too conventional, to gain courage and the spirit of adventure. Then come East so glad to see the elms and maples of New England and to find the buttercup even more attractive than the daring yellow poppy of the California fields".

Family News.

Cousin Marie Wait is making a visit at Glen Cove.

Alan and Dell have taken an apartment at 9 East 10th Street.

Carrie and Louise visited Ada and Walter at Lake Bomoseen and Alice at Manchester.

Uncle Robert has resigned his position as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Baltimore, Md.

Alanson attended his Quindecennial Reunion in New Haven, where he saw his roommate, Mr. Lyman Hedge, who is now managing editor of the *Burlington Hawkeye*. Mr. Hedge made a short visit at Glen Cove before the reunion,

Mason has been appointed Assistant Professor in the Yale Law School, where he will teach corporation law, torts, and the law of persons. He and Helen will go to New Haven in October. They are at present at Big Moose in the Adirondacks. The children are visiting at Glen Cove.

Uncle George, Noel and Alanson recently attended the 50th Anniversary of the mustering out of the 77th New York Volunteers at Saratoga. At Albany they met Adaline and Harry and motored with them through Ballston to Saratoga and Pittsfield, returning to New York with George Clapp on the night boat.

Howard is now ready to prove by numerous photographs that his recent trip to California with his friend, Dr. George M. MacKee, was a great success. The excuse for his vacation was the meeting in San Francisco of the American Medical Association, where he had the honor of acting as Chairman of the Dermatological Section. On the way to California four days were spent in the Canadian Rockies and on the way home, five days in Glacier National Park, Montana, a good part of the time being spent in the saddle. The fair was delightful but best of all was a days visit with Stuart and Howard Freeman, who by the way had not seen each other for two months. Stuart is now in San Francisco and couldn't be hired to live again in the East. Howard Freeman is at Bay Point, with the "other Swedes". At Portland, Oregon. Howard and his friend were also most hospitably entertained by Mr. George Trowbridge, Mason's older brother, who is the editor-in-chief of the *Oregon Journal* and a prominent citizen of his adopted city. Like Stuart he could not be induced to live anywhere but in the West. If you are too lazy to "see America first," which ought to be done from the back of a pony, at least go to California and see the fair and best of all "Buck" and "Dukes" Freeman.



Vol. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 5

The Foxes of East Haddam, Conn.

By Gen. Simeon M. Fox

Nearly thirty years ago the late Mr. D. Williams Patterson—the genealogist who made the families of East Haddam, Conn., a patient study for more than forty years—wrote to me in relation to the several Fox families of Millington Parish in East Haddam, as follows:

“The fact is, some of the Foxes were poor, and some were careless, and the omission to record a single household makes it impossible to trace them, when no property was left to distribute.”

I discovered later that poverty was not especially the condition of any of these Fox families, but that the most of the sons of the first settlers in East Haddam, and some of these first settlers themselves, removed to other places—the sons before they had acquired land—and so left no record. The parents were certainly careless in not having the births of their children recorded—or perhaps the records were lost—and their children were not baptized, unless in a few sporadic cases in the right of the mother, for the fathers were not likely to have been of the established church; as their fathers before them had adopted the Rogerene, or the Baptist faith.

It was some years later that Colonel William F. Fox of Albany wrote to me for possible information that I might have that would help him to identify the parentage of his ancestor, Daniel Fox of East Haddam. I had just been highly successful in working out my own line of Ebenezer Fox of East Haddam, and became highly interested with Colonel Fox

in his search. It took many years to accomplish a satisfactory result, but at last it was proved beyond doubt that the line of Daniel Fox of East Haddam was as follows:

Thomas (1) Fox, dwelt in Concord, Mass., died April 14, 1658. Hannah (2) Brooks (second wife), dau. of Henry Brooks of Woburn, Mass. Mar. Dec. 13, 1647. Mar. (2) Andrew (1) Lester of New London, Conn.

Samuel (2) Fox. Born, Concord, Mass., 1651. Died at New London, Conn., Sept. 14, 1727. Johanna (Way?) (second wife.) Prob. dau. George Way of Providence, R. I. Mar. in 1685; died Oct. 1689.

Isaac (3) Fox. Born about 1686; died in Rhode Island, 1754. Mary Jones; dau. Thomas and Catherine (Gamble) Jones. Mar. Feb. 28, 1705/6; died in Colchester, Conn. about 1730.

Daniel (4) Fox. Born in Colchester in 1723; died in West Stockbridge Mass., July 28, 1801 “in the 79th year of his age.” Hannah (4) Burr (first wife) Mar. Oct. 10, 1747. Elizabeth (4) Gates (second wife.) Mar. Nov. 12, 1761.

It would take many pages to follow out the line of proof that led to the identification of Isaac (3) Fox as the father of Daniel (4) Fox as above. The fact was long ago deemed probable, but the proof was lacking until, beginning at Concord, every descendant of Thomas (1) Fox was followed down and eliminated as a possibility.

The printed herd books, yclept “Genealogies” that occupy the final pages of various town histories, were early found—at least as far as any of the Fox families were concerned—to be a mass of un-

fortunate guesses; so full of blunders that they were worthless as authorities; therefore these books were ignored, and only the original records were considered. The search extended to many towns and it all took time and patience, and the satisfaction at the results obtained can be measured accordingly.

As to the East Haddam Foxes, the facts obtained prove this conclusion: Ebenezer (3) Fox, who settled in East Haddam soon after 1730, was the son of Isaac (2) Fox, the youngest son of Thomas (1) Fox of Concord, Mass.; all other Foxes of East Haddam, other than the descendants of said Ebenezer, were descendants of Isaac (3) Fox of New London and Colchester, the son of Samuel (2) Fox of New London.

This search among the records gradually developed the history of this family of Foxes and explained their coming to New London, and resulted in a history quite different from the meagre suggestions of Miss Caulkins in her "History of New London," or Mr. Henry Baker in his "History of Montville" (formerly the "North Parish of New London.") Hannah (or Anna) the second wife of Thomas (1) Fox of Concord, Mass., was the daughter of Henry (1) Brooks of Concord and Woburn, Mass. After the death of Thomas Fox, April 14, 1658, his widow in 1661 married, as his third wife, Andrew (1) Lester of New London, and presumably brought her children with her to New London—the eldest 13, and the youngest 4 years old. Hannah, the eldest child, in 1668 married her step-brother, Daniel (2) Lester. Samuel, the second son, married March 30, 1675/6, his step-sister, Mary Lester. John, the next younger son, married at New London, June 28, 1678, Sarah Larrabee. Thomas (2) Fox, the eldest son (I am considering only the children of the second wife, Hannah Brooks) was mentioned in the New London records in 1663; thereafter he disappears—whether he died young, or went

elsewhere, is still a problem—but he affects no further the history of the Foxes in New London. David and Isaac, the two youngest sons, when they became of suitable age to be apprenticed, were probably sent back to Brooks' relatives in Massachusetts. David married, and probably died in Massachusetts—his history is meagre. Isaac lived with his uncle Timothy (2) Brooks in Billerica, Mass.; he married there on July 18, 1678, Abigail Osborn, and settled at Medford, Mass., where his children were born and recorded. In 1698 he came down to New London with his family, and bought land near his two brothers, and his sister's husband, Daniel (2) Lester, who all dwelt in the same neighborhood, a few miles south of New London village, in what was known as the "General Neck"—in the vicinity of Fort Hill. Isaac's family consisted of his wife and six children: sons, Isaac, John, Samuel, Ebenezer and Thomas, and a daughter Abigail. Mr. Henry Baker, who attempted a Fox genealogy in his Montville history, was ignorant of the coming of this Isaac (2) Fox, and in attempting to account for the above children of Isaac, as the children of Samuel and John (2) Fox, one can understand how serious the mix-up he started out with, and how worthless as a consequence his Fox family history became. Unfortunately these were not nearly all the errors he made; his history cannot at all be relied upon, and had better be entirely ignored.

The sons of Isaac (2) Fox all left records and their children have been traced, and Daniel Fox of East Haddam—born about 1723—could by no possibility be one of them. John (2) Fox left but one son, Benjamin, who left male posterity. He says in a deed to said son Benjamin dated 1718, that he was "my only child which it hath pleased God to continue in the land of the living." Benjamin had a son Daniel; but this Daniel was not born before 1734—and besides he

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is accounted for otherwise.

Samuel (2) Fox alone remains as the possible grandfather of Daniel Fox of East Haddam. That Daniel Fox was of the New London Fox family is made evident from the statement made by his youngest son, Gabriel Ely Fox in 1844, and recorded by the Rev. Norman Fox, which has been fortunately preserved; Norman Fox also left a memorandum of similar data acquired from one Henry Williams—evidently of one of the East Haddam William's families—confirming, and according exactly with the statement of Gabriel Ely Fox. In brief, these statements say that the "Foxes located in New London, Ct.;" that "Daniel Fox had two brothers, Isaac and John;" that "Oliver, Ezekiel and Ebenezer Fox were nephews of Daniel Fox." This memorandum of relationship to the other East Haddam Foxes is the vital piece of evidence that proves Daniel Fox to be the son of Isaac (3) Fox, and not of Isaac's younger brother Benjamin.

Samuel (2) Fox, of New London, served with the Connecticut troops in the Great Swamp Fight in 1675. March 30, 1676, he married his step-sister, Mary (2) Lester. Samuel, his eldest son, was born of her, April 24, 1681. The wife Mary died, and about 1685 he had married a second wife, Johanna. Circumstantial evidence is strong that she was Joanna Way, the daughter of George Way of Providence, R. I., yet the absolute proof is lacking. By wife Joanna he had two sons, Isaac, born about 1686, and Benjamin, born in fall of 1688. Wife Joanna died in the epidemic, Oct. 1689. He married, third, in 1690, Bathshua, the daugh-

ter of James (1) Rogers, and—at time of marriage—the widow of Richard Smith. They had one son born about 1691, which they named Samuel, although his half-brother Samuel—ten years older—was living. The two sons Samuel, brought up in the same household grew to man's estate, and were distinguished as "Samuel Fox the elder" and Samuel Fox the younger"—the latter sometimes called "Samuel Fox, 2nd." Both of these sons, Samuel, left records of their children. Samuel the younger, did have a son Daniel, born about 1720, but he died March 8, 1725. Samuel, the elder, had but two sons, Samuel and Ezekiel. The parentage of Daniel Fox of East Haddam is therefore narrowed down to the two sons of the wife Joanna, Isaac and Benjamin. Both of these sons dwelt for a considerable period in Colchester, down in the southern part then known as Paugwonk, now called Salem. Their farms lay not far from the east line of East Haddam, and the homes of the subsequent Fox families of Millington Parish, East Haddam, were located south and east of Millington Green, in a region to this day called "Foxtown." It was but the natural reaching out of the subsequent generation for available land. The family history of Benjamin (3) Fox, the son of Samuel, is somewhat obscure, neither his wife, nor any of his children have received mention in any of the existing records in Colchester or New London. However, it is found that he married in New Haven, April 13, 1710, Azubah Tuttle, that until after 1730 he dwelt in Colchester; that after that date he removed to New Haven, and a few years after drops into obscurity. Three or four of his children are practically identified in New Haven county; and probably he left two or three sons behind in Lyme when he removed to New Haven. Much uncertainty exists, and as far as his history is known, he might have been the father of Daniel Fox of East Haddam, born about 1723. However, we

have been able to trace the history of the elder brother Isaac to a more definite issue. By various records we know that Samuel, Isaac, Thomas, John and Gershom Fox of East Haddam were the sons of Isaac, and that Gideon Fox of Colchester, and Jedediah Fox of Bozrah were also his sons. The fortunate genealogical memoranda left by Norman Fox, after careful analysis, proves Daniel Fox of East Haddam to have been another, and probably the youngest son, of Isaac (3) Fox, the son of Samuel.

A more precise history of Isaac (3) Fox had better be given in more extended form in a separate article.

Family News.

Ethel is making a two weeks visit at Iris Pond.

Mrs. Eugene Satterlee, Miss Mildred Satterlee and Hope Ivins recently visited the Glen Cove Foxes.

Mrs. Dr. Samuel McCullagh (a subscriber) says that next to Puck and Judge she enjoys reading the "Family News" column of our paper.

Uncle George, Howard and Alanson recently motored to Hightstown spending the week-end at "Orchardeaves" with their hospitable cousins Marie and Louise Wait.

Howard has been appointed Clinical Professor of Dermatology at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. He has been elected Vice-President of the American Dermatological Association and President of the New York Dermatological Society.

In "The Hoosac Valley" by Grace Greylock Niles (Putnam's 1912) we find stated that the manufacture of linseed oil from flax seed was begun at Falls Quequick, N. Y. by Jehiel Fox, who ran a mill there in 1784. Falls Quequick hamlet was incorporated in 1827 as the village of Hoosic Falls.



OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS

Maria Chesebrough Fox

1788-1874

(Reproduction of a portrait in the possession of Mrs. DeWitt C. Ivins)

Military Notes.

Alan has resigned from Squadron A.

Clinton has joined the Plainfield Platoon of Troop D. of the 1st Squadron of New Jersey Cavalry.

Howard spent a week at Tobyhanna attending the camp of instruction for medical officers.

Uncle George has been re-elected Surgeon of the George Washington Post, No. 103, G. A. R. His rank is that of Major.

At the recent maneuvers at Fishkill Plains, Noel and Alanson were present as members of Squadron A. and Kenneth as a member of the 7th Regiment.

Not satisfied with his outing at Fishkill, Noel is also taking part in the Business Men's Encampment at Plattsburg, where he is serving as quartermaster sergeant in the machine gun motor company.



Vol. IV

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 6

Speech at Military Banquet.

By Lieut. George Henry Fox,
M. R. C., U. S. A.

(At a recent dinner given to Surgeon General Gorgas, by the Association of the Medical Reserve Corps, New York State Division Reprinted in part from the MILITARY SURGEON Aug 1915)

I am sorry that I cannot regale you with any thrilling experiences or blood curdling adventures in my military career without drawing too largely on my imagination.

As a matter of fact I saw more real war before I enlisted than after. As a boy of sixteen I went down to Washington to see a wounded brother. I found him in the Armory Square Hospital with an elderly gray-bearded man seated by his cot and reading to him. I learned afterward that this man was the famous American, "the good gray poet," Walt Whitman. While in Washington I secured a pass to the front, where I had two other brothers, and lost no time in utilizing it. I remember finding with some difficulty late one evening the camp of the 107th N. Y. Regt., in which was another brother, on the Rappahannock, just above Kelly's Ford, and on going out on the picket line early the next morning, where I got my first view of Confederate soldiers. They were quietly cooking their coffee along a patch of woods on the opposite side of the river, just beyond musket range. I remember the next day seeing a squad of hungry North Carolina cavalymen wade across the river and surrender in the hope

of a good square meal. In a few days the Confederate artillery took position on the other side of the river, and my brother, thinking that my presence might be more embarrassing than helpful to the Union cause, detailed an officer to ride with me to the nearest railway station eight or ten miles away and start me back to the farther side of the Potomac. On our way we must have seen thousands of troops either in camp or on the march, but, strange to say, most of the incidents of this boyish experience have faded from my memory, and now I cannot recall seeing a single soldier. All I do remember is that the roads were dusty, there was a noticeable absence of fences, and on our way we stopped at a photographer's tent and had a tintype taken.

At the beginning of my sophomore year I ran away from college and enlisted as a private in the 77th N. Y. Vol. I will not even enumerate the heroic deeds I performed for \$13 a month, but merely mention the historic fact, in as modest a manner as possible, that very shortly after I enlisted the war closed. You can draw your own inference as to cause and effect.

I am glad now to think that I did enlist and was a soldier in the Civil War, even though my service was short and uneventful and that I never applied for a service pension. I am proud of my privilege to wear the star of the G. A. R. and to march with the old veterans on Decoration Day, which, however, I have never yet done. But I am most proud tonight to think that I have offered to the

government the best service I can render in case of need, and that this proffered service has been duly recognized by a commission in the Army of the United States.

We are reading and hearing at the present time a great deal about war, about its horrors and its alleged advantages and as to whether it is avoidable or inevitable. In spite of the widely differing views so freely expressed, I like to think that the vast majority in this country, whether in the army or the navy, or in civil life, are firm believers in the blessings of peace. The wearing of a uniform is no indication whatever of a desire for war, and the prevalent idea that army and navy officers are anxious for war, in the hope that their superior officers will be killed and their chance of promotion thereby increased, seems like an unjust reflection upon a body of men whom we all know to be as generous as they are brave. Our willingness as members of the Medical Reserve Corps to serve our country in case of need is no indication that we are anxious to witness suffering and agony merely for the opportunity of relieving it. Nor is military service to be considered as an approval of that false notion that long continued peace necessarily makes a nation effeminate and spineless. During our Civil War there was a vast deal of ranting oratory and buncombe talk on either side of the Mason and Dixon line, but it was in great part the quiet and hitherto peaceful boys from the farms and factories of the North and from the plantations of the South who showed that fine spirit of militant patriotism on the battlefields of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Tennessee.

The American nation has repeatedly proved both on land and on sea that it is not a nation of weaklings, and however diligently we may cultivate the arts of peace, I cannot help but believe that the old time spirit of '76 and the military prowess that was certainly shown on both

sides in the many fierce battles of the Civil War will never be found wanting in this country, no matter what may happen.

I am an advocate of peace, in spite of the fact that I come from what might be justly termed a militant family. My father was in the war of 1812. With no fine olive drab uniform, but with his own rifle and a knapsack which his mother made, he marched with other boys from Chestertown to Plattsburg over a hundred years ago. My grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution, and my great-grandfather fought at Louisburg with Amherst, and I think was with Gen. Wolfe at Quebec. I might add that of five brothers in my family four were in the Civil War, and that my two sons and eight nephews have been enrolled either in the United States service or in the National Guard.

Now, I mention these facts, I must confess, with a certain degree of pride, especially in addressing an audience of military men; but nevertheless I wish to repeat that I am a firm believer in the possibility as well as the desirability of universal and eternal peace. I believe that war can be and ought to be avoided, and I believe it will be avoided when it is no longer possible for one man, be he President or Kaiser, to decide the question, but when every man and every woman in every nation has a voice in choosing whether they shall have peace or war.

When the world has grown a little wiser and better, when our notions of national honor have been elevated and refined, when that truculent spirit which so often assumes the garb of patriotism has been subdued, when the nations of the East and of the West are ready to exchange their jealousy and fear of one another for fair dealing and good feeling, then, perhaps and surely not until then, will come that long hoped for era of Peace on Earth and Good Will between men and nations.

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From the Archives.

(Extract from a letter written in 1892 by Uncle Alanson to Uncle George)

Thursday was the great day of the County Fair which was being held in Ballston and was a great gala day for that respectable old town. I had no idea that so many thousand people could have been gathered together for such an occasion. From early morn there was a constant stream of vehicles pouring into town loaded with rural beauty and chivalry of Saratoga County, dressed in their best "Sunday go to meeting fixins" and well supplied with the inevitable watermelons and gingerbread. In the afternoon Della and her mother and I walked up to the Fair Ground on the old "pinnacle" hill and spent the afternoon there in solid enjoyment of the fat hogs and the fancy fowls and the mammoth squashes and the patch work quilts made by the venerable old lady of 76 years who furnished the different fairs in the state with needle work, the washing machines, the sewing machines, the beets (both dead and alive) and the innumerable other standard articles which do duty on such an occasion. Of course it was the fancy work we came to see, having no interest in the "agricultural trials of speed" between the farm horses which were for that occasion fastened to skeleton wagons instead of ploughs. We recognized three ministers in the crowd, but by some mistake they had got into the "Grand Stand" instead of into Floral Hall where they wanted to go and were so wedged in the crowd that they could not get out until after the "trials of speed" was over. I felt sorry for them. Della insisted that



Marion Elizabeth MacArthur

Marion Elizabeth MacArthur was born in New York on February 14, 1884, and died at the age of 23, on June 15, 1907. The sweet faced picture which is reproduced above was taken several years before her death. Marion attended the Peebles and Thompson School for ten years where she always stood high in her classes. She had the distinction of being one of the few musicians of the family, showing decided talent as a pianist.

in some way her Uncle William lost the price of a new hat by an error of judgment in regard to the relative speed of two farm horses which were passing in front of them on exhibition. Della and her mother and I occupied a position for awhile on the borders of the track leaning against the fence among the crowd of assembled "agriculturists".

The papers had advertised for that afternoon "one of the most exciting races of modern times" between the new patented "steam wagon" and "several fleet race horses." Of course, there was great ex-

citement in anticipation of this race which was to come off at three o'clock and which of course did not come off till half past four or later. One minister explained to us how much he was interested in machinery of all kinds and especially in the application of steam to road wagons &c. Della whispered to me "That's too thin". At last the road steamer came on the track looking and acting very much like a self propelled steam fire engine and making about the same noise. It made one circuit of the track to get up motion and the horse was to fall in when the steamer came past the stand. Every eye was strained and every neck was stretched to see the "most exciting race of modern times" and they finally started off even. As the horse could go his mile in three minutes or thereabouts and the steamer could by no possibility go in less than ten there was not so much excitement as fun about it. As the horse passed on out of the race a big fat nigger rushed out on the course and by his success in beating the steamer elicited the loudest kind of cheers from the crowd.

Family News.

The address of Helen and Mason is 277 Willow St., New Haven, Ct.

Kenneth recently delivered a lecture at Holden, Mass. on the National Guard.

Mrs. Eugene Satterlee, Miss Mildred Satterlee, and Hope Ivins spent a week in August at Iris Pond.

Edgar has enlisted in Troop A, Squadron A, Cavalry, N.G.N.Y., being the fourth member of the family to join this organization.

George has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the First Ambulance Company, N. G. N. Y. He and Rob are the only ones who have attained the rank of Captain since the Civil War.

Four of our Vassar Alumnae cousins, Marie Wait, Ada, Gertrude and Rachel attended the recent celebration

of the 50th Anniversary of Vassar College. Rachel's decennial reunion happened to occur at that time.

Our Corning relatives, Caroline and Louise, after a short stay at Nantucket, visited Ada at Lake Bomoseen, Alice at Manchester, Uncle George at Glen Cove, where Ethel, Marie Wait, and Charles Ivins were also guests.

Uncle Robert expects to preach at the Calvary Baptist Church, New Haven until December, after which he will preach in Boston for several months. With all his many activities he has found time to publish another book entitled the "Famous Johns of the Church", which is the twenty first volume that he has written.

Gertrude is teaching English and History at Miss Spence's school and also serving as secretary for the National Jubilee Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association. She is living at the Women's University Club, 106 East 52nd Street.

The Hudson car of the Glen Cove Foxes holds the record for touring about and visiting relatives, having gone to the home of eight families living outside of New York. It recently carried Uncle George, Howard and Alanson, not to mention "Tony", to Bethlehem, Pa. for a visit with Aunt Annie, Charles and Bertha and later took the same party to Suffield for a visit with Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert, on which occasion Kenneth came from Worcester and Helen and Mason from New Haven.

MARRIED

Fox — Mitchell

On Saturday, August 28th at her home in Battle Creek, Michigan, Miss May Jean Mitchell to Norman Wright Fox.

At home after October the first, 611 Oak Street, Manistique, Michigan.

